With that, the Vulcan thrust in one last time, crying out as his cock poured the life essence deep inside the human. He felt Kirk's orgasm beginning at the same moment, and cupped his hands about the fountain, capturing the spurting liquid in his hands. When the fierce spasms waned, he raised his hands to his lips and drank the creamy white wine of his victory.

Kirk felt himself trembling as the last of his orgasm subsided, but then Spock's arms tightened around him and he settled into the sea of warmth and safety. He could move again now, but he had no desire to. He wanted to stay like this forever, or longer. The Vulcan was kissing his neck gently, poised somewhere on the threshold of sleep and wakefulness. Slowly, carefully, Kirk rolled over until they were face to face, their eyes locking in a moment of thankfulness. Thanking whatever force had given them the courage to take these pleasures in a universe where pleasure was often a fleeting and dangerous illusion.

The Vulcan stroked Kirk's face gently, then placed a lingering kiss between the human's eyes. Kirk blinked sleepily, then slowly settled his head to rest on Spock's shoulder.

Their minds were still together. Would always be together. Spock eased one protective arm around the human's back and slipped deeper into sleepy thoughts. Then he closed his eyes and summoned Morpheus.

"Come with me into the night, Jim," he whispered languidly, and pulled Kirk down into the darkness with him.

della van hise